

# Field Of Dreams

Bliss n Eso

So I guess I gotta...

Yo, eyo,

I spit like an M16, I let them all know they can have it  
That flash of magic, with an imagination to match it  
So catch it, it's classic, but it will not be contained  
In an industry man made, cause it runs through my veins  
It pumps through my brain, through my name, nothing will change  
Don't make me huff and puff and turn this f\*\*ker to flames  
But enough of the games, my shadow is a tidal wave  
My idle, there's a brighter way, fight for it night & day  
I've built fires inspired to keep my hands warm  
I've hopped through hurricanes  
Step-step through sandstorms  
I've climbed cliffs, you can see what I'm dreaming  
Even walked on water, just to be here this evening  
So, here we go again, I gotta prove I'm no magician to you  
Rabbit in a hat, rappers is clueless how I kick it  
This is blood, sweat & tears...  
Flesh & bone a better way  
A brotherhood of hope, with a megaphone at heavens gate

Shoot me down, raise my head  
Walk my field of dreams instead  
Cause' there's no way, you will march on top of me  
Not how this is going to be be

Lift my feet, raise my head  
Love & sweat & tears I've bled  
Create the path I see ahead

{So I guess I gotta...}

Walk my way instead

Yeah, check it out, yo.

Well he's still kickin' it so beautifully  
Bet he's re-writing the odds  
Cause he knows it's not the dog in the fight  
But the fight in the dog  
And the kid couldn't spell for shit  
But could draw like a photograph  
F\*\*k a hit, he rather his rhyme on the wall of a poets class  
Caught a flow & wrote the flavor that archaeologists artists audio appropriator  
Ghost rider, flaming chopper, corresing the night  
Chasing the glimpse of a forever fading the red sun horizon  
He just lights up the skies (lights up the skies)  
While running through this circus  
With the heart full of good vibes (heart full of good vibes)  
That's pumping through his circuits  
Live wire, high flyer  
Spit fire round his lungs  
A war torn mustang, through an empire of the sun  
Catch him diving in his rhythm  
Rhyme & gliding in his vision

Manifest music momentoes to remind him of his mission  
He just rolls like a bowler  
A soldiers forward composure  
With butterfly net full of dreams hangin' over his shoulder he says...

Shoot me down, raise my head  
Walk my field of dreams instead  
Cause there's no way, you will march on top of me  
Not how this is going to be be

Lift my feet, raise my head  
Love & sweat & tears I've bled  
Create the path I see ahead

{So I guess I gotta...}

Walk my way instead

Shoot me down, raise my head  
Walk my field of dreams instead  
Cause there's no way, you will march on top of me  
Not how this is going to be be

Lift my feet, raise my head  
Love & sweat & tears I've bled  
Create the path I see ahead

{So I guess I gotta...}

Walk my way instead